FACTION
DISPLAY'D.
A
POEM.

——Sed non Authore Furois
Sublato cecidit rabies——Lucan.

Nec ſit Poema ſale facetiiſque confertum,
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervoſum,
Scal.

From a Corrected COPY.

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To the READER.

'TIS the Criticks Objection to *Lucan*, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less; yet he certainly Instructs more which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of *Cæsar*, *Pompey*; *Cato*, and *Brutus*, in him, than we have of *Augustus* (under the Person of *Æneas*) in *Virgil*. We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. The same fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for my self, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the *Whig-Writers* in Poetry, as *Lucan* does of *Virgil*, yet I have out-done them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design, but describ'd a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting or Scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes Unseasonable. But he must own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refin'd Policy, and experienc'd Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Common-wealth. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Constitution, that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil: and what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of *England*. For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled

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than

than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Diſputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting theſe Civil Embroilments, than a Seat of *Mercenary VVriters*, who like *Swiſs-Soldiers*, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays beſt. And as none has labour'd more, ſo none is more Scandalous, than a certain *Doctor*, who after having Scribled himſelf, and that ſimple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd in his proper Colours, and unſaid what he formerly urg'd with ſo much Vehemence and pretended zeal for his Country's Good. *Trimming* was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that *Tom-Double* had been his own Character: but we now plainly ſee what his Aim was. This *Cerberus* reſolv'd to continue Barking, till his Mouth was ſtopp'd with ſome *Delicious Morſel*, which has at laſt happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and *Moderation*. We are like to be well inſtructed indeed, when ſuch Men as theſe pretended to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Conſciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himſelf, to imagine, that becauſe he was Read with Pleaſure, when he fell in with the People's juſt Reſentment of the Proceedings of a Devouring Miniſtry; that he can therefore impoſe His own ſhuffling, inconſiſtent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reaſon and Juſtice then, will be ſo ſtill in ſpight of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the leaſt degree of Modeſty, he would either have purſued his former Notions, or have been ſilent.

But ſuch a cauſe could expect no better an advocate, and *thoſe* who imply'd him to propoſe and recommend their *Trimming Meaſures* (which always proceed from Cowardice, or ſelf-intereſt) have the Mortification to ſee him receiv'd with that Contempt he deſerves from all Parties.

I wiſh the Promoter of this new Doctrine of *Moderation* hath not already put it out of their power to *Cruſh* the *Faction*, which they have hitherto ſo imprudently *Cheriſhed*, and which at laſt (if I have not *Diſplay'd* it in very falſe Colours) will certainly *Tear* and Deſtroy the Government.

FACTION Disply'd.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,
Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.
Say, how a Fierce *Cabal* Combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r, inspires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.
Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defy.
She rais'd the Hand, that struck the Fatal Blow,
Which *Martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below;
She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.
'Tis She, that wou'd for ev'ry slight Offence,
Depose a True Hereditary Prince;
That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* Re-assert their rightful Throne.
No Constitution in the World can boast
A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Just,
Than *England*'s are; where Sov'reign, Kingly sway,
Is *mixt* and qualify with such Allay,
That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet so basely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.
For tho', indeed, they can have no pretence
With *Fundamental Contracts* to *Dispence*,
(For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is High, and unrestrain'd.

In

In equal Diſtance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny, nor Common-wealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind but does devour.
Nor Common-wealth, a Monſter, *Hydra* State,
Whoſe many Heads threaten each others Fate,
And load their Body with unweildy Weight,
But a Succeſſive Monarchy we own,
With all the Lawful Sanctions of a Crown.
Such was our old Eſtabliſh'd *Engliſh* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this Envious Fiend; who ſtill prepares
To ſow the Seeds of long Inteſtine Wars,
Near the Impartial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns;
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Hero's dead,
And drops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction*'s Refuge; where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Reſort.
Here, when their *glorious N*—— fell, they met
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to Debate.
Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.
This Grand *Cabal* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em Dumb,
Till *Moro* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome)
A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L——,
Who prov'd his want of Senſe in ev'ry word,
When hiſſing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke looſe;
'I take it as an Honour that you've Choſe
'For this Debate, your humble Servant's Houſe.

' The Houſe henceforward ſhall Recorded ſtand,
' As the *Palladium* of the ſinking Land;
' And I to future Ages be renown'd,
' The *Party*'s Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
' Now *N*—, the immortal *N*——'s gone,
' We juſtly his untimely Herſe Bemoan.
' O that I could reſtore his Life again!
' For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
Full of ſuch Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
But that black *Ario*'s Fierceneſs did prevent.
A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Prieſt,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feaſt*;
Who firſt his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade.
Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
' To talk of calling Life again is vain.
' Peace to the *Glorious* dead, We juſtly mourn
' His Aſhes, ever Sacred be his Urn:
' But here my L—, we are together met,
' To vow to A—'s Sceptre endleſs Hate.
' For ſince my hope of *W—ton* is expir'd,
' With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
' I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
' My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
' Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.
A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Patriarcho*'s Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Maſs
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne'er be made ſo vile a Tool;
He'd ne'er his Apoſtolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheiſts*, and *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.
' I much approve my Brothers Zealous Heat,
' Such is the noble Ardour of the Great,
' On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.

' But

'But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
'Unpractic'd in their Arts and ſtudied Rules,
'By which they make the wiſeſt of us Fools.
'The Task be therefore yours, to Forge ſome Plot,
'And I'll be ready with my truſty Vote,
'Nor e'er give your Command a Second Thought.
'Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've Stood,
'Fixt as a Rock, amidſt the beating flood.
'Witneſs St. *A—pb*'s and St. *D—d*'s Cauſe,
'Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
'And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
'Here ſav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o'er a Foe.
Then old *Myſterio* ſhook his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Striſe,
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.
Strange Dotage! thus to Sacrifice his Eaſe,
When Nature whiſpers Men to Crown their days
With ſweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
Fore-knowledge ſtruggled in his heaving breaſt,
E'er he in theſe dark Terms his Fears expreſt.
'The Stars rowl adverſe, and malignant ſhine,
'Some dire Portent! ſome Comet I divine!
'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
'That *A—* to the *Beaſt* will be inclin'd.
'Howe'er, tho' ſhe and all her Senate frown,
'I'll wage eternal War with *P——ton*,
'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on, his Tongue a trembling ſeiz'd,
And all his Pow'r and Utterance ſuppreſs'd.
So when the *Sibyll* felt th' Inſpiring God,
She raving loſt her Voice, and Speechleſs ſtood.
Unhappy Church, by ſuch Uſurpers ſway'd!
How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft*, fill'd the Sacred Chair?

Laud, tho' with ſome traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilſt *Patriarcho* is deſpis'd and ſcorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely Pure,
In its own heav'nly Innocence Secure,
The teeth of Time, the blaſts of Envy ſhall endure.
When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange delight and Eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſt ſhameful Cauſe;
Oppreſs thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Eſſential Rights reſign.
Thy ancient Truths with Modern Gloſſes blend,
Deſtroying the Religion they would mend.
So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Chriſtianity o'erthrown:
For *Scepticiſm*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Deſpairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.
But Muſe proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would inflame thy Satyrizing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Prieſts declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake* he'll Drink, and Whore and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant,
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkneſs wear.
Thrice he Blaſphem'd, and thrice he frantick Swore,
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r:
Then wav'd his Staff, and ſaid:

Tho'

Tho' *N*——'s Death has all our Measures broke
Yet never will we bend to *A*—'s Yoke.
The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
E'er that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
We ne'er had been Subjected to her Reign,
But rooted out the *St*———*rs* hated Line!
Howe'er, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
Extol the Common-wealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
Argue how th' *Roman*, and *Athenian* State
Were only when Republicks truly Great.
'Tis easy the unreas'ning Mob to guide,
For they are always on the Factious side.
This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
To Manage and Cajole *S*———'s Court.
Toland alone for such a work is fit,
In all the Arts of Villainy Compleat.
The *Scotch*, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
Have long at *England*'s growing Pow'r repin'd.
Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
Endeavour to foment Religion there.
For scarce our *N*——'s Empire they endur'd,
Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
And Murm'ring now they ask a Foreign Lord.
But (Health suppos'd to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair;
That point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our cause,
Soon undermine our hot-brain'd, tow'ring Foes.
At least I'll substitute some Wealthy Friend,
Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

So

So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
And when h'had form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
In such a warm Harangue his Friends addrest,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.
This hit *Sigillo*'s Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho' just before he scarcely could Controul
The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
Worn with a poys'nous and corroding Flame.
An unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,
Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case,
A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e'er that curst *Par——on* name,
But to his foul Disgrace, and to his shame?
Besides, in spight of all his loud Defence,
He shew'd a want of Honesty or sense,
In passing ev'ry Plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deist, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his Lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.
'There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
'Whose ev'ry word deserves divine Applause.
'Not ev'n * *Cethego*'s self could form a Plot.
'More nicely Spun, more exquisitly wrought.
'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
''Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
'Did *James* and all his *Jesuits-train* defeat.
'He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,
'Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest.
'Nor therefore fear'd, But to their Idols Bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus*, ever acting in disguise,
'A finish'd Statesman, Intricately Wise,
'A second *Machiavel* who soar'd above
'The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;
'Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse,
'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse. 'But

* The Person here Represented, was living at the time of this cabal.

'But why should I *Cethego*'s Praise pursue,
'When all his Vertues, *Cladio*, shine in you?
'You can another *Revolution* frame,
'The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
'Whilst then the wav'ring *Irish* are your Care,
'Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
'Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Mony spare.
'*Cethego* in your Absence shall preside
'O'er our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide:
'Like the supream directing Hand of *Jove*,
'Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
'I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
'Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
'Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* despight,
'Rebellion is a Freeborn People's Right.
'Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
'We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand;
'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
'When with our Faithful City Friends we Dine,
'We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee-house a Spy,
'That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
'Shall Praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
'And all their Measures, all their Councils Blame.
'Shall spread a thousand idle, groundless Tales,
'Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P——ce of *W*——;
'Shall never fail Objections still to raise,
'(Whatever is transacted with Success)
'And turn their greatest Honour to disgrace.
'This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
'From sweetest Things will rankest Poysons draw.
Narcisso next, Magnificently Gay,
Smil'd his Assent, but not a word would say.
He fear'd to strain his Voice by Talking loud,
Nor was his Quil-pipe made for such a Crowd.
A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in decay,
Who dresses Whores, and Games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.

And

And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we hear the Bluſt'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully L—, whoſe wild mad Looks proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing wrong and right.
VVhat e'er he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Stars inclin'd.
He never was nor ne'er will be content
With any Prince, with any Government.
Laſt roſe *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, other Lays,
A gay pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opinionately wiſe, and pertly dull.
A Demy Stateſman, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke.
'Do you perform the Politician's part,
'I'll bring th' Aſſiſtance of the Muſes Art.
'The Poets Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I command, as I inſpire,
'C—*g*—*ve* for me *Paſtora*'s Death did Mourn,
'*And her white Name with Sable Verſe Adorn.*
'*R*—— too is mine, and of the *Whiggiſh* Train,
'*T*was he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*,
'Tho' now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.
'I help'd to Poliſh *G*——*th*'s rough awkward Lays,
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praiſe.
'*W*——*ſh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,
'Yet paſſes for a Critick and a Wit.

* The *Fair Penitent*.

Van's

'*Van's* Bawdy, Plotleſs Plays were once our Boaſt,
'But now the Poet's in the Builder loſt.
'On *A——ſon* we ſafely may depend,
'A Penſion never fails to gain a Friend.
'Thro' *Alpine-Hills* he ſhall my Name reſound,
'And make his Patron known in *Claſſick Ground.*
'Theſe Pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
'Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.
'Princes but ſit unſettled on their Thrones,
'Unleſs ſupported by *Apollo's* Sons.
'*Auguſtus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venuſian* Muſe,
'And happier *N——* had his *M——gues.*
'But *A——*, that ill-fated Tory Queen,
'Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.
Triton, who like the vaſt *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treaſures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and ſuſpended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel heart has not a Tongue,
Beſides, there ſtood a Num'rous Train of *P——*,
Below the Notice of Recording Verſe.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
Toſters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
For ſince the Muſe would Bluſh to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency reſtrain th' Invective Rhimes.
When thus their Chiefs had ſpoke, thro' all the *Throng*
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applauſe,
Aſſerted, and Eſpous'd the Rabble's Cauſe.
Now the Aſſembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well deſcrib'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.
Sweating and Puffing for a while he ſtood,
And then broke forth in this Inſulting Mood.
'I am the Touchſtone of all Modern Wit,
'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets Write.
'Thoſe only purchaſe ever-living Fame,
'That in my Miſcellany plant their Name.
'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
'Becauſe I follow a Mechanick Trade,
'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours ſpread.
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State,

Two

'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
To talk Prophane and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
We taught them how to Toſt, and Rhime, and Bite,
To Sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
Some this Fantaſtick Speech approv'd, ſome ſneer'd,
The wight grew Cholerick, and diſappear'd.
Mean time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.
A ſecret and exulting Joy ſhe finds,
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;
And the bare proſpect of ſuch Noble Ills
Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
Then She——
With what delight do I my Sons Behold,
So reſolutely Brave, ſo fiercely Bold.
Sure nothing can reſiſt their boundleſs Courſe,
Nothing ſubdue their well united Force.
Volpone, who will ſolely now Command,
The Publick Purſe, and T——ſ——e of the Land.
Wants Conſtancy and Courage to oppoſe
A Band of ſuch exaſperated Foes.
For how ſhould he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
What did he e'er in all his Life perform;
But ſhrunk at the approach of ev'ry Storm?
But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
With *Moderation-Principles* inſpir'd,
Forſook his Friends, and decently Retir'd.
Nor has he any real juſt Pretence
To that vaſt Depth of Politicks and Senſe.
For where's the Death, when Publick Credit's high,
To manage an o'er flowing T——ſ——y?
Or where the Senſe to know the Tricks of Game,
Since *S--ms*, Sir *J--mes*, and *H--ll--way* may claim
A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
I fear the Man, who dares the Truth aſſert,
Who never Plays the Double-dealing Part;
The Patriot's Soul diſdains the Trimmer's Art.
Such *Celſus* is, but I foreſee his Fate
To be ſupplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate.
Sempronia of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Diſgrace.
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.
He never knew to Proſtitute the State,
Never by being guilty to be Great.
Nor yet when publick Storm came rowling on,
Did he or Danger or his Duty ſhun.

Rome's

'*Rome*'s subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballanc'd lay'd.
'To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Resolves of his unbyas'd Soul,
'True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole.
'Allay'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
'Whilst others keep their int'rest still in view,
'And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.
'So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
'With the *first Publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She stopp'd---for now her Anger 'gan to rise,
Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes,
And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to Praise.
The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her flight,
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.
O *England* how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Blessings? how severe thy Fate?
O distin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By those, whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid!
A griping vile degen'rate viper Brood,
That tear thy Vitals, and exhaust thy Blood.
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule pursue,
But often form their Principle's anew;
Unknowing where to lodge supreme Command,
Or in the King or Peers, or People's hand.
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects when at length *Restor'd*,
Without distinction was their common Lord.
What Party else to *David*'s happy Throne,
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Absalon*?
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all sway confin'd;
Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign,
Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain.
Nay, with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe,
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
But if nor King nor Commons will comply
With their detested Acts of Villany:
They strive the Peers declining Pow'r to raise,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praise.
Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ,
T' elude thy Laws, and Liberty destroy!
Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriots dead?

Who

Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
Who ſpread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To ſhelter and Protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o'er their Head,
Yet all was ſafe beneath their Guardian Shade.
Or ſure Hiſtorians on our Faith impoſe,
And never ſuch a Race of Men aroſe;
Or Nodding Nature to a period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and Dooms, us to our Crimes.
Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will ſooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling Mournful Muſe Preſume
To viſit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will flouriſh, and with Her will End.
But my ſhock'd Thoughts the ſad Idea ſhun,
(The ſad Idea gives Eternal Moan)
When ſhe ſhall late, but ah! too ſoon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who repreſent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r, that governs human Fate,
His years extended to a longer Date,
To what tranſcendence had his Genius ſprung,
Which was ſo Ripe, ſo perfect, yet ſo Young;
But when freſh blooming Youth ſeem'd to proclaim
The laſting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigor with a kind preſage,
Promis'd the hoary happineſs of Age;
Then with a Momentary ſwift decay,
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was ſnatch'd away.
So, by the Courſe of the revolving Spheres,
Whene'er a new diſcover'd Star appears;
Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some Bleſt, ſome more than common Influence,
But ſuddenly alaſs! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.

FINIS.